

The Eye that Sees

by The Third Son

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Harry P.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 15:43:29

Updated: 2016-04-14 15:43:29

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:09:40

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,456

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: They say grief can be a powerful motivator. It was more than a motivator for him. It awakened something in him, something powerful... and dangerous. What will he do, now that the power of the legends has been given to him? GoF!AU. Sharingan!Harry.

The Eye that Sees

Now listen and listen well, this will be the only disclaimer I will make, I do not own Harry Potter, neither do I own the Sharingan, nor the eventual crossover elements afterwards. Happy?

Misery and Pain.

They were the only two constants in his admittedly short life so far.

Naturally, what led from Misery was Fear and Despair. From despair, came boiling anger, and from that, was produced a flaring super-nova of rage. A bubbling pit that threatened to consume his very existence.

His life had found meaning once.

Once.

He thought it would last. After all, the naivety of a young and malleable mind was astounding.

Ha!

That naivety was his undoing.

There he lay, without even a single strand of emotion left in him. _They_ had made sure to beat, or rather, _suck_, it out of him.

Looking back he cursed his stupidity, and yet, was unable to conjure any true hateâ€|

It had all started on that _very_ unfortunate dayâ€|

Flashback:

_ "What do you mean?" He whispered, entirely too afraid of the answer to the question he knew very well in his heart. _

_ "It means __**Potter**__," It was said with such vitriol that he jerked back as if struck, "That you are going to Azkaban!" _

_ "Look, uh, Mr. Potter as my, uh, associate here said," the man twisted his bowler hat nervously, glancing towards the resigned looking old man sitting in the corner, "That you, as proven by Veritaserum here, are going to Azkabanâ€|" The man stepped back as Harry burst into action._

_ "What do you mean I'm going to Azkaban!?" He grabbed the tie that the man was wearing and brought the portly face closer to his own._

_ "Unhand the Minister now Potter!" The Auror accompanying the Minister said, taking his wand out of it's holster._

_ "Professor Dumbledore, you can't let this happen!" The horror and terror in his voice was palpable, even as the old man stood up, his glasses in his hand as he took them down from the bridge of his nose._

_ "Harry, Iâ€|" Dumbledore wiped his glasses with a tissue he had just conjured, "You have to understandâ€| you were proven to be an accomplice to someone-" He was cut off as a horribly scarred man stepped out of the shadows._

_ The man was covered in horrible scars on every visible piece of skin starting from the head. A good chunk of his nose was gone, with an eye spinning madly all across the room suspiciously. His head had patches in his hair, and the skin underneath revealed marred skin, burnt beyond belief. _

_ Indeed, Alastor "Mad-Eye" Moody made a terrifying visage, and, to further cement his position as someone to tread around cautiously, even the Auror that had spoken up first took a few steps back._

_ "No need to sugarcoat it Dumbledore." The man grunted out, his magical eye spinning between Harry and Dumbledore continuously.

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_ Dumbledore sighed, and placed his glasses back on his nose, "Harry don't resist, please," The man practically begged him to go one of the worst place in Wizarding Society, "There will only be worse consequences." _

_ He stood in shock, even his headmaster, a man he had trusted completely, was telling HIM to go to one of the vilest of Prisonsâ€| for a crime he hadn't even committed. _

And soon, that shock turned into anger, and that into rage, as a variety of negative emotions bubbled within him.

_ "Get on with it." Auror Shawn Helgus sneered. "We've already dilly-dallied for long enough." And that was the straw to break the camel's back. _

_ Magic lashed out from within his body, as several odd silver trinkets on Dumbledore's desk began to wobble and explode. _

_ And with a great noise of small circuits exploding within, an odd silvery machine exploded, sending shrapnel flying everywhere. And it was only the shields that the Aurors managed to erect that stopped Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic, from being scarred with several burn marks for the rest of his life, if not treated properly. _

_ But before something _useful_ could happen, the rumbling stopped as the Auror besides the Minister sent a stunning curse towards him, him being unconscious before he hit the ground with a thud._

Flashback End

That hopeâ€| it had proved useless.

Here he sat, in one of the dank cells of Azkaban as a chilly wind drifted through his corridor.

Hmph.

It _would_ be a chilly wind to those that were on their first few days here, but anyone that had stayed here for a while knew the ominous beings looming behind the wind, and what they could and _would_ do to any that showed, exhibited, or even thought about any happy memories from before their time here in the hellhole named Azkaban.

The creatures grew closer, and with it, the cold.

He shivered.

They usually left him alone untilâ€| ahh now he remembered.

Memoriesâ€|

Painful memories, when dredged up, caused this to happen to him.

A croaky laugh left his throat, "Harry Potterâ€| the Boy-Who-Lived, ha! If they looked at me nowâ€|" He could barely see his ragged appearance, clothes ripped, a bare thin shirt fighting off the biting cold, his hair disheveled and unkempt, dirt caking his face and body.

He had a new found respect for Sirius though. That man had survived more than 12 years in this hellhole, and he, Harry Potter, was a bumbling heap of shit in a mere 5 months.

He was slammed out of his reverie as the Dementors, a whole herd of them, glided straight towards him, passing several inmates that were

either screaming or moaning uncontrollably. And that was how it continued.

For months on, he would scream, moan and groan in pain and shiver in the snappy cold, but was helpless to do anything.

He cried out to anyone that could hear him. The ability to perceive any emotion pretty much went away in the first few weeks. But there still remained that Gryffindorish burning rage behind all of it, but what was rage good for, if you couldn't utilize it. Hmph. He never thought he would be agreeing with one of Voldemort's philosophies.

And he hated it.

He hated it, this feeling of helplessness.

That feeling of helplessness turned into grief, grief that he would never be free, and from that grief bubbled out a tempest of rage, his eyes blinded by red, he lashed out, and even the Great Wardens of Azkaban felt the tremors, his very magic being converted to static, as electricity crackled and boomed around his floor, the bars of his cell melting away, and that was his first mistake.

A sudden flood of Dementors, ready to feed on the sudden, unexpected, but more than welcome influx of negative emotions that came from his cell, pounced on him, sucking away all that they could find, but the anger, the rage, the pure hatred was a well, flooding from everywhere, and that was when the shift began.

His eyes prickled, a deep powerful build up of magic behind his eye exploded forth, and then, he sawâ€| everything.

The minuscule specks of dust alongside the railings of his metallic framed bed, the light streaming through the window, but most of all, the magic that permeated from everywhere, and most of all, from the Dementors.

He glanced at his hand and then towards the Dementors, gears turning within his mind.

A sudden burst of light came form his hands and flew towards the Dementors, driving them out. A wandless Patronus, albeit a non-corporeal one, was still nothing to scoff at, especially considering that it drove off mounds upon mounds of the Dementors.

Powerful indeedâ€|

With another experimental wave of his hand, another burst of bright light burst from his hand, although this was much dimmer and less powerful than the last one he had produced, but it did the job required and drove out the Dementors out of his cell, and beyond.

'_It seems that my emotions, specifically my anger and hate affect my magic._' After all these months in Azkaban, he felt nothing but rage, and a cold numbing emotion he could not quite place his finger upon.

-Cut-

The change in his eyes wasn't that great of a difference, as he now thought, laying in a puddle of his own blood and vomit.

The change only brought more pain onto him. Strange men, dressed in all black and wearing black masks had appeared the day after, and when he thought he was finally about to be charged free, he was taken to another cell, one much more dank and cold than the one from before, if that was even possible!

The first day they had only asked random questions, like 'What's your name?' and 'How old are you?' He had even thought that they were going to let him go after they finished questioning once. It seemed that all of his folly had yet not left him.

The very next day they came back, and beat him.

'To speed up the process' they said. 'For his own good they said'. But now, his clothes soaked in blood and bile, he noticed one thing, after the second day, he found that he was able to perceive things better, and was even- as crazy as it sounded- able to see things and predict what someone would do before they did it.

He didn't know how it happened, nor would he pretend to know what was going on. But one thing was clear, he would use this against his tormenters, and show them, show them his own might.

And next day, when they came, he was prepared, or at-least he thought he was. After he dodged and weaved through the first few punches and kicks sent his way, his torturers stepped their game up.

They stopped pulling punches, and slammed him against the stone walls of his cell, and so, it became obvious to him, that if he were to ever succeed in fighting against them, he would need to speed up his body.

He vowed he would make his attackers pay.

And pay them he did.

They never knew what was happening until it was too late.

He saw the way they moved, the grace, the fluidity in their movements, and so he copied them. He copied the way they ducked, the way they dodged, the very way they fought, and he used it all, he used everything to kill them.

"What do you think your doing?" The man asked him, his face still hidden under the dark black of his cloak and robes, showing but his nose and mouth to the outside world, as Harry walked towards him.

His face was set in a grim smile.

"Paying you back." It was whispered back to him.

And with a snap the man's arm cracked. He had but time to ring the alarm as a kick swept his feet off the floor, an elbow crashing in with his jaw to slam him into the ground. Even as men marched into

the room, he continued punching him, breaking his jaw and nose in the process, and with a final kick, he sent the man sprawling towards the door with a strength he didn't know he possessed.

That was the starting bell for the other men.

They surrounded him on every side, but he did what he now knew he could do best. Ducking under a punch, he dodged two more, and then sent two bone cracking punches at two of his attackers simultaneously, immediately knocking them unconscious. He smirked, gesturing towards the three men that lay there motionless.

"Anyone else?" He asked, a mocking smirk on his face, "No, okayâ€|" He took a step forward, "It's not like you're going to survive anyway."

It was but a blur to the tormenters. He moved with the same finesse, the same fluidity that his attackers had moved with, and within two leaps he was at the throat of a blinking guard, who had nothing but the time to scream, as his throat was ripped open by Harry's hands.

Ducking under two kicks at his head, he jumped over the two punches that were aimed at his torso, and while still rolling in the air, he slammed the two attackers with coinciding kicks that sent them slamming into the stone walls, effectively knocking the last of them out.

"Easy." He scoffed turning towards the door, his eyes widening as he heard a whooshing sound.

The next second a scream ripped itself out of his throat, tears welling inside his eyes as a jet of red light contacted his chest, blowing him out the way.

"Indeed. Only 30 more days to go." A dark, sinister voice sounded throughout the hallways.

-Cut-

"Harry."

"Dumbledore."

The cold tension was apparent between the two of them, and between the magic the two were exuding; Cornelius Fudge was only able to twist his hat nervously.

He nodded to the two Aurors behind him, motioning towards the cell that Harry resided in.

"Open Mister P-Potter up." He stammered slightly, causing him to smirk even as the Aurors opened the door to his cell, pressing their wand on the bars, allowing them to swing back with a creak.

"Why thank you Auror." He said smiling charmingly at the woman, his smile only slipping when the woman smiled benignly in return.

"Not an Auror boy." She whispered to him in his ears, before she walked backwards to the opening of the floor to the main Atrium, the

other not-Auror taking his position on the rear of the group. With a single wave of her wand, she unlocked the door, and stepped into the lift, beckoning them towards her.

After a few tense moments standing in silence, the lift door opened and they spilled out only to be faced with a whole contingent of Wardens, all pointing their wands at them, or to be more specific, him.

"Why thank you." He said merrily, spreading his arms out, the tone used betraying none of the real emotions he was feeling, "All of this just for me. Amazing." He scanned the Wardens in front of him, assessing all of them with a cool gaze, his eyes already taking in consideration all the possible ways to escape if the situation escalated.

"We're no fool, Potter." The woman who was supposedly "not-an-auror" spoke from behind them. "You're skills have improved, credit due to yourâ€|" She hesitated, looking at Dumbledore and then to the man that had accompanied the group who released him from his cell.

"I'm sure you've grown Harry, but now that we're almost at the edge of the wards of Azkaban," he gestured towards shoreline now clearly visible to them, "Let's get some privacy." He seized Harry's arm and even though he resisted, they spun, and he felt as if he was being squeezed through a rubber tube and then being dumped out the other end.

They reappeared at Dumbledore's office, the ominous portraits of Headmasters looming from above them, the tinkering and clattering of various small objects buzzing behind them, with a warm breezy wind flowing through the open window.

Harry was dropped unceremoniously on the ground while Dumbledore simply brushed off the dust from his robes.

"Harryâ€|" He began, his voice quiet.

"Don't!" He snarled with vigor he didn't know he possessed. "Don'tâ€| just don'tâ€|" He said, his hand rose against the aged wizard in a threatening manner, "Don't you dare start." He growled, his hand clenching as a few toys behind Dumbledore exploded in a cacophony of fire and tiny explosions.

"You may hate me Harry, you may want me to die, rot before you, for me to be flayed and burnt alive, believe me, I know the feeli—" He was cut off as a chuckle, a hollowed dry sound, escaped Harry's throat.

"You think you know what I feel like, you don't." He smiled gesturing towards the door that led to the corridors of Hogwarts, "But I'm sure I can make you feel that way. You'd do anything for the children of Hogwarts," He sneered, "Wouldn't you now?" He smiled, not a true smile, but a demented broken smile only a madman could muster.

"Have you been broken so much that you would stoop so low?" Dumbledore asked, his voice quiet.

He frowned, had he truly been broken? When he finally had the answer, he smiled grimly, "No, but if it means that it educates them about

the _real_ world then so be it." A small grin tugged at his lips as he walked towards the door.

"You truly don't want to go there Harry." He said quietly, wand held in his hand.

He scoffed. "I can and I will."

"So be it." Dumbledore said, sadness clear in his eyes.

A single moment later, the world exploded around him, his vision swimming as he saw Albus Dumbledore brandishing his wand towards him, a pale golden glow surrounding him.

He felt afraid. He truly felt afraid. Without a single incantation, a single wave or flick, he had lost. He had been defeated. The better phrase would be 'He got his ass handed towards him'. So this was true power. All those days, copying all of those spells, the way those operatives fought, and with a second, he found himself on his ass sitting on the cold stone floor of Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore standing above him.

A weak laugh left his throat.

"Powerful." He muttered, but Albus heard him anyway.

"I believe explanations are in order." He nodded towards him, and with a second he was lifted off the ground and deposited in a comfy armchair, simultaneously conjured with the levitation spell.

"I want to know everything Dumbledore." He said, more like demanded from the old man, staring at him even though he knew in a real fight he would be lying on the ground, dead before he could wave his hand. Dumbledore sighed, weariness etched in his forehead, wrinkles appearing much more pronounced as he gestured for him to relax in the chair.

"Harry," He began, setting his wand down on his desk, "What do you know about the legend of Hermanus Ambrosianus?" He asked, leaning down on his elbows, his eyes losing the usual twinkle that accompanied them. Harry shook his head,

"No, no, I was reading about him just the other day, why with all the screams being ripped out of my throat, I thought it would be perfect if I brushed up on my legends." He drawled, enjoying the flinch that Dumbledore gave as he leaned back on his chair, propping two feet on the sturdy oak desk.

"Ha-" He seemed to realize that nothing was going to make Harry forgive him and so he continued, "As I was saying before, Hermanus Ambrosianus is a legend few know ofâ€¦ but those that do fear him more than anything else, and rightfully so." Harry snorted.

"You're saying that you fear this guy?" He asked, smirking.

"Indeed." Dumbledore said, noticing the utter shock that was brought onto Harry, "I have no doubt that if he were alive then I would, at a time of my choosing, a place of my choosing, and as much preparation I wanted, I would hardly be able to harm the man at all." He said

solemnly, "That is hardly the extent of his power," He brushed a stray strand from his face, "In fact I have no doubt that the man, if he can even be called that, would wipe the floor with me in but a second."

He blinked in shock.

"You're serious?" He asked faintly, no matter how strong he was currently, he knew that Dumbledore existed in a league of his own, and for him to admit that so easily, the man, Hermanus, would have truly been a terrifying foe.

"I have a joke just for that, but I suppose it won't be quite right for the situation." Dumbledore said, even as Harry snorted lowly, "Read." He commanded, a thick leather bound tome slamming down on the oak table, causing it to shudder and groan as Harry sat up straight. "Read, and find out about your ancestor." He whispered softly, Harry picking the old tome carefully as a dull sensation seemed to wrap around him.

And that's a wrap. So tell me what you think. Should I continue? Should I leave it here? Read and Review.

End
file.